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The Student and The
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Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia University,
March 16, 1922

BY JAMES T. SHOTWELL



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STUDENT LIFE

Since colleges and universities were begun, I suppose that no year has passed without some such function as this; a sort of farewell appraisal of the student's world and an initial glance at the Great Adventure just beyond. And I doubt, as well, if those who mysteriously direct that student's world have ever let the occasion slip by without some drowsy address upon the value of the disciplines which have been inflicted and endured, and the great theme of education as a whole. Although your organization has been in existence only for a little over a century, the ceremony which has brought us here has therefore its antecedents in some seven centuries of European history. Now there is one advantage which a historic occasion offers us; if the event itself be too much—or too long—with us, as we drowse, our minds can find release and sometimes inspiration, in the long perspectives of the past which this suggestion opens up, no matter what the present offers it.

One can imagine an event like this in the days when the students of Abelard gathered with him by the walls of mediaeval Paris and looked down from Mont Sainte Geneviève at the rising towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame, dreaming of the world of affairs, whose noise they could faintly hear, whose growing power they could see symbolized in the new pomp and splendor of the kings of France. Year after year, as journeymen of the guild of learning, out they passed into the great world. And year by year the grave doctors—masters in the guild—assembled to see them go. Or in old

Bologna, turbulent Bologna, where the students were supposed to rule,—it must have been an awful place,—one can imagine those earliest students of the law turning their faces to the Alps, eager to carry to the Germanic north the principles and precepts of the ancient Roman jurists and so win their way in the councils of princes or the Empire, yet pausing for a last academic function on some afternoon like this, when March brings the fruit-tree blossoms to Romagna. It has been the same in the gray cloisters of old Oxford, ever since those cloisters were begun. So, if the subject which I have chosen, as befitting the occasion, is old and threadbare, you can at least take comfort in the fact that the affliction is and always has been a last discipline of the spirit for those who are soon to escape this kind of discipline,—or rather to exchange it for other ills they know not of.

This is not meant as an apology; for there is no apology due the inevitable.

Our subject is The Student and The Citizen. Let me begin with the student. There is a mediaeval student song, written by some vagabond student, some unknown goliard of the thirteenth century:

“*Gaudeamus igitur*

Juvenes dum sumus” . . .

“Let us rejoice, while we are still young.”

They sing it still at old Heidelberg when twilight fills the forests by the Neckar; you may hear it in Paris on the rue des Écoles, and we sing it by the Hudson. It is the national, or international, song of student life. I expect it will be sung by students until that distant day approaches when Latin ceases to be a ready means of intercourse among students, and then it will continue like those unintelligible chants of the Arval brotherhood in ancient Rome, and in sonorous if meaningless jargon still carry along for centuries the message of student life. Whatever universal tongue succeeds it, *Gaudeamus igitur* will be the theme and content of student song.

The college life is the same the world over. It is youth at its best; at its richest years, awake to the keenest impressions, with high heart and imagination brimming over. The highways of the world lie before it, inviting, alluring, their hardships untried, their far horizons beautiful. You who today look forward from the open gateway along the vista that seems—but is not, alas!—illimitable, know well the charm of that life you are bidding farewell. They are idyllic years behind you, filled with companionship, a little work, a great deal of hope; and the certainty of life's realities just beyond. It is an interval of poetry in the prose of life. But prose too may have its compensations. While some of it is of that dullness which lulls one to old age without worthy accomplishment—the mean monotony of useless living,—yet some of it again may be of the very fire of moral combat, and some of the sombre stuff of tragedy. From this world of prose, I wish first to turn in judgment upon these years just completed, and then to look around us at what is to come.

THE LIFE OF THE STUDENT

Now the first thing to get straight is that student life and the life of the student are by no means identical. Instances have been known, even, where they had nothing in common. So it may be worth while to delay a moment here to see just what the life of the student implies. It need not keep us long, however, for we have more real problems ahead.

Emerson's Essay on History—a fitting subject for such a theme—furnishes the text. "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done." . . .

The student's life shares the heritage of the world's culture. When you stop to think about it, what a wonderful process

it is. Take the different disciplines as we have them and examine them for what they are. Literature for example, in which the race maintains the immortality of thought. It puts one into contact with the best that has found utterance. One moment we are using Homer's or Dante's words, another Shakespeare's; we learn the medium of their speech and their minds (as Emerson says) think inside of ours. The winged words fly forever. A single phrase "the wine-dark sea" brings up the whole Homeric legend. We look with Homer's heroes over the blue Aegean to the high walls of Troy. So the old masters have touched the whole world of experience with the magic of creative art and worked the casual and incidental over into things of beauty, monumental and enduring. But literature is more than formal expression. It includes as well the broken fragments of the less articulate ages, which, gathered up by the thoughtful student and pieced together, may also be keyed to the symphony of the whole. So up and down the literatures of the world the student may go, living over the moods they reflect, the experiences they describe. This contact is more vital than we suspect. Men make pilgrimages to Weimar, but Goethe's thought and life is as spaceless now as it is timeless. Stratford is not Shakespeare's home, but every brain that treasures Hamlet. This is commonplace enough; but we keep forgetting.

Take philosophy. What suggestiveness the student may get, not simply from perusing learned pages of speculations about speculations or from the disciplines of logic, but simply from becoming aware of the mind at play upon itself. What an epoch-making event it was in the evolution of our race when the brain began to think back upon itself, catching faint glimpses of its own reality, as through some broken mirror. So, as we face the problems of philosophy, we live over again that long and obscure struggle which developed organs of the instincts into instruments of reason. Psychology opens the gateway for our understanding, and philosophy, at play within, ranges all experience, until it stands mute before its last unsolved problem.

But of all the widening vistas there is none so alluring as that which science offers. We are so close to its results that we fail to realize how they have re-made our conception of the world. What would Aristotle have said had he been able to attend your courses in chemistry, and see air and water divided into separate gases! With what amazement he would have seen the solid earth disintegrate before the physicist's analysis! Even Newton's universe is no longer true. Instead of dead weights of matter hung in a void of space by forces which he first began to measure, we know now that the universe is filled with moving forces, quivering with energy; that the space between the stars—no longer immeasurable—is a theatre of motion which makes the universe one. Out of the undulatory theory of light we follow a development which ends in radio-activity. The atom ceases to be a stable basis for matter, but becomes the arena for incalculable forces, and there are those who go so far as to imagine that the one reality back of all our changing phenomena is nothing but motion itself,—energy before whose everlasting power the rocks dissolve, the earth itself melts away like a phantom. Such is but one of the reconstructions of our new knowledge, which we owe to the scientists as we appropriate their wealth of experiment, their long researches and investigation in the few hours of a single college course.

Or take history. How the centuries spread out before one! How the unreal past takes on reality, its activity touching our own energies with the vital spark from Rome or Greece or France or England. The past becomes not merely a haunted palace for the imagination. It exists in the present. We have all the rich heritage of thousands of years of striving,—our liberties, our laws, our arts,—the stuff into which life incessantly transmutes itself. The true study of history makes no museum of the past; it vivifies the present and gives it meaning. Even religion, as we study it, becomes a vast complex of survivals. We use a Babylonian week, a Christmas of the sun-god Mithras, a Teutonic Woden's day. We use altars or imitations of them, like the sacred stones piled over an Arab corpse. Our prayer is the idealization of sacrifice.

There is no subject in all the wide range of knowledge which does not become transformed when investigation is wedded to reflection, and even a little learning is robbed of its danger by the philosophic mind.

THE LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE

Now that is a glimpse of what the student's life is or may be. But I should like to emphasize this afternoon rather what it is not. There is a great danger that those who have had these opportunities might over-estimate them, and imagine that they cover a larger part of life than they really do. It is natural to suppose that because one has absorbed these interesting experiences, responded to the stimulus of college associations with their widening outlook and lengthening perspectives, that he has achieved something really notable. In reality, he has only just begun. If there be any subject in which his investigations bring him to the confines of knowledge, that subject must itself be in its infancy.

Run once more over those subjects we have just passed in review. Literature has by no means unlocked its full significance in the first reading in a classroom. The text itself is but a small part of the message of the old masters. Take Dante for example. Who can understand the *Divina Commedia* without a knowledge of the Italy of the twelfth century, of the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas and the cosmology of Ptolemy? Otherwise a thousand allusions escape one; the poem remains dumb on many themes which open when one has the key. Even Milton cannot be properly understood unless one knows the Ptolemaic universe he depicted. When Satan escapes from the gates of Hell and spreads his "sail-broad vans" for flight up through the mists of chaos, and sees . . . "the world in bigness as a star

Hung by the crescent moon" . . .

it is not our earth but the whole universe, sphere within sphere, glimmering like a spark across the waste. One needs to know much more than texts.

But literature itself is at its best inadequate. What a small and insignificant fraction of life it portrays! What experiences eternally elude it, what imaginative dreams, what records of achievement and outlook! Compared with reality it is a feeble medium imperfectly conveying its message. And yet it is the greatest of the arts, the most versatile expression of which mankind is capable.

The same is true of philosophy. The great problems elude it. We come with animal equipment to play with phenomena. And we imagine we find reality when we put a capital letter on Truth. Really, in spite of psychology and philosophy, life faces the mystery, aware of itself, but aware, as well, of the futility of much of its own insistent questioning.

As for science, we are like the cave men, just emerging from prehistoric caves, our animal minds attempting to solve by experiment where experience fools us. What is this world we are in? We do not know. It is as much a mystery as ourselves. We weigh and name and classify, and we get some feeble grip upon reality by our ability to manipulate matter and energy. We have the electric forces of the world somewhat in our control and we connect time and space with the few things we can handle, and call it our world. But, as science moves forward and extends the frontiers of knowledge, the horizon of mystery enlarges as well with each new extension of the known. For the more one widens a circle the greater the stretch of its contact with what lies outside. Once mankind believed it was the centre of the universe. We have given up that idea; but if we cannot be at the centre we move over to the edge, and the expectant, eager movement of science as it steadily pushes forward inspires and enheartens us. But after all, it gets but a very little way.

History is, if anything, still more inadequate; for while science grapples with laws and so partly masters its phenomena, history deals with events, which are themselves the results of experiments outside its field. Cause and effect have here to be measured through the distorting medium of personality. Forces which are often impersonal in origin move the mass

along, as gravitation carries a stream to the sea; but the current, vast and unified as it seems to the eye, is a turbulent complex of eddying lives. To detect reality here one must add to science art. It is not enough to gather up a few associated facts which happen together and adhere to an event as mud sticks to a boot, and label them cause and effect. Yet much of what passes for history is of this kind, the record of what the documentary sources preserve, without any sense of their inherent inadequacy. History needs all the associated social sciences, and more: the psychologist to emphasize the human media that react to stimuli, the economist to analyze the material forces, the scientist and the engineer who growingly enlarge the scope of intelligence and the capacity for adjustment. Sociologists have been trying to make the connection here; but since the problem is one in Time, in dynamics rather than in statics, it is really the problem of history.

It is surely unnecessary to pursue this theme farther. Literature, science, philosophy or history are as yet but feeble guesses at the merest externals of things. Humanity is only just beginning to be intelligent. With millions of years of gibbering unintelligence still haunting our brains, we look out at the world and life like little children. Much of our heritage—beautiful as it often is—is only make-believe. Under these conditions the first duty of the student is humility.

EDUCATION AS SOMETHING MORE THAN LEARNING

If education were merely the acquisition of knowledge, it would be relatively futile. It is of little value to master facts for facts' sake. Education means a discipline of the mind which enables it to face new problems with confidence, no matter in what shape they present themselves. It does not mean that a man should carry knowledge around with him for the mere pedantic pleasure of being better off than other men. However rich the heritage we make our own, it is still more important to be masters of ourselves. It is our capacity

for future development which is the real measure of education. If every one of us were to stop now with the contacts we have established with literature, art or science, if we were to stop now and discard our implements of study as the undergraduates sometimes burn their text book bridges at the end of the year, just how helpless would that leave us as we meet new problems and the need for adjusting ourselves to new stimuli?

There is one thing more important even than learning itself,—it is the development of initiative. I believe the student's life which sacrifices this for knowledge may be largely written down as failure. To string dead facts on ever so beautiful a necklace is hardly a task for a grown man. Repetition is a second rate process at best; initiative involves creation.

Who knows what changing front the future will present? One thing is sure, it will not reproduce the past. And you who face it, will stand dumb and powerless in the path of each new imperious problem, unless education has taught more than learning. He leads who has initiative. He follows who has not.

Yet there is much in our college work which seems designed to stifle this very vital element. The student submits to the authority of text book or teacher with as patient a submission as ever shone among monastic virtues. The "Middle Ages" are still with us most of the time. My own students used to be quite content when I assigned the limits of the next day's lesson from line 9 on page 7 to line 10 on page 17; they were mostly bewildered and non-plussed when I refused to make an exact assignment. The day has now come for those of you who have finished your work here, when no one will be assigning line 9 on page 7; or if there is, he will likely keep you forever to that page.

Initiative does not mean merely doing things that others leave undone. There are too many busybodies in the world already at just such jobs. Initiative implies discrimination, sorting out on the basis of past experience the things worth

doing and discovering the way to do them. Discrimination is essential; it is the first requisite of the intelligent mind. It is the mark of the student. Without it, no matter what energy we bring to our work, we shall just be adding commonplace to commonplace, life through.

But the thoughtfulness which discriminates brings something besides discretion. It is most worth while just for itself. One of the most obvious of our failings as a nation is our eternal search for amusement. We lack the resources of the thoughtful. There are not many of our fellow citizens who can enjoy thinking at the close of a busy day. We need no society for the suppression of thought; those who think we do would suffer least. Thought is not dangerous, provided there is enough of it, and the cure for too little is more. But I shall deal with its social uses later. What I want to emphasize here is the personal side of it, the value of it to the user. It is the high privilege of the student that he can stimulate thought by thought, and the mind responds with a sense of play as it grapples with the problems which life presents.

THE CITIZEN

But now let me turn to the other half of our subject. For you, who are leaving the formal discipline of studentship to become the members of a great work-a-day democracy,—an economic democracy in any case,—it is really as a citizen that the chief problems now present themselves. Citizenship is a recent acquisition. It is very hard for us to realize how recently the privilege has become ours. Democracy is one of the last creations of civilization. It is, by a paradox which few appreciate, the product of capital, rather than of labor. We had labor in the world for untold centuries without democracy. But when its product became fluid and the relations of society became impersonal and dynamic, democracy was at last possible.

There was, of course, a wonderful foretaste of it once in the ancient world. I sometimes wonder what it would have been like to wander up and down the streets of Athens in the days

of Pericles, to join the throng in the agora, to meet the men of creative genius whom that time and city called out,—those with the vision immortal. And yet I am sure that if the best of the Greeks of Periclean Athens were to be present here now, they would admit that the democracy of which they were so proud members offered no such challenge to their minds as this our own; that the city of New York was itself more wonderful even as an art creation than the city of the Parthenon. Our city is not monumental but dynamic, the embodiment of the forces of change, learning to express itself in that architecture of engineering which combines power with beauty. Its society, despite the crudeness of its outer forms,—often so crude as to be grotesque,—is a wonderfully adjusted mechanism, which somehow goes. Do not imagine that this city—or any city—is governed solely or even chiefly from a city hall. It is governed by the forces which hold society together, which have come out more or less into our consciousness in the struggle of man with man, of society with society, and of both with the forces of nature, through all the long centuries. There is something of the ancient city-state in our municipal freedom, something of Roman law in our treatment of rights and obligations, something of British representative government and of French logic and criticism in the form and structure of our institutions; and the Slav and the Semite, the German and the Italian who appropriate this heritage add to it from their own.

The mysteries of philosophy can be matched by those of politics; but the citizen seldom bothers over the riddles it presents. As a result, the Sphinx often exacts its penalty, the penalty for all mal-adjustments, which is destruction. The best security for the state is in the intelligence of its citizens.

As the city is the epitome of civilization, we come back to the point with which we began; that it is mostly the creation of recent times. The long, slow progress of the past was nothing to what has been done since science re-made production. The Industrial Revolution is the largest single element

in history, conditioning our entire social life and with it our political structure. That being so, the great enterprise of democracy is still in its experimental stage; and our whole civilization, marvellously articulated and delicately adjusted as it is, may easily face catastrophe. Russia has shown that. I do not suggest that civilization should not move ahead, growingly aware of its own shortcomings. But progress does not come by a rejection of our cultural heritage. In short, the citizen needs just that discrimination between the real and the futile which is the chief qualification of the student.

THE WAR

But all our citizenship of this generation is conditioned by the war. It is useless for us to pretend, as most of us have tried to do, that we can get rid of it by forgetting it. It has been my business since the war to visit those countries in western Europe which have suffered most, and to study what the war cost them; and I cannot let this occasion go without reminding you of what it has meant. It was not merely that it sent to the shambles ten millions of young men, dreaming dreams such as we contemplate here, of high hope, eager to enter in the great arena of peaceful life; it was not merely the shocking tragedy of their death; but in addition, it was the criminal disturbance of ordered social life. I wonder if we realize what happened in Europe when those marching armies broke the spell of peace. It meant that the structure of society, which we have been describing, was broken down; that in every home, in every peaceful hamlet the processes of production gave place to those of destruction. We forget how slight has been the yearly addition to the wealth or comfort of the working classes. The vast masses of mankind have been able to wring little more from fate than the pittance that keeps soul and body together. But by thrift and energy they slowly accumulate the little objects which form the family's balance of comfort, the rugs on the floor, the china in their closets, the pictures on the wall, their Sunday clothes

and ornaments. The little store, hard won in the long grim battle with poverty, is the symbol of their most intimate aspiration. Since the Industrial Revolution and the exploitation of the whole world's resources, this hoard has been growing most hopefully, drawn from the distant seas and the scarcely less beautiful products of the factory. And with the increase in possession came a lessening of the hours of labor, affording some slight interval, in the drudgery of work, for the enjoyment of life.

It was this fabric of hope that the war tore apart. Destruction reached far beyond the range of guns. Disguised for a time under the form of spurious prosperity, it diverted the world's production, so that, for a generation at least, we shall all be poorer for it. Poorer in mind as well. For the "post-war slump" is more than a temporary weakness. It harbors other ills as well; there is a rigidity of temper which makes international adjustments difficult just when they are most needed. The sense of insecurity breeds militarism. Patriotism carried to the extreme of folly may subside in time, but even as late as last summer the barbed wire was across the bridges on the Danube along the frontier of Hungary; and the armies of south-eastern Europe were only half demobilized.

But do not imagine that it is the war-stricken countries of Europe which are most in danger. No other nation confronts a graver crisis than our own. We have acquired power and power brings with it responsibility. There is no way to separate them; they come together and they go together. We have so far shown that we can, upon occasion, rise to the full measure of our international responsibility; but recently we have been shirking, shirking with all kinds of plausible excuses. I am not dealing with party politics but with a nation's duty. While we pass judgment upon the mistaken policies of the countries of the old world, our own is at the bar of history, and I fear the verdict. Perhaps we hardly realize our opportunities, what we might do without entanglement by the mere force of our unique wealth in an impoverished world, by the mere example of disinterestedness. I found as

I travelled in part of Europe—the part that needs rehabilitation most—that there was a tendency to ask—plaintively but insistently—for advice and guidance, informal but just “American” in affairs of state as well as in business. It is almost incredible what America might do to establish the liberties it helped to save.

I do not mean that America can offer Europe a higher idealism than Europe is capable of. That is one of the crudest of our mistakes. We were under the impression—most of us—and we tried to impress other nations with our impression, that we were bringing back ideals to a bankrupt world which had lost its soul in the midst of conflict. But three years of peace have left us as little of our idealism as four years of war in Europe. Moreover, much of our idealism was useless from the first, because so far removed from reality. Unless it can be applied and made to work in a real world, it becomes atrophied and dies. It takes a sense of the dull earth and the groping of purblind but passionate men, to make the Dream a moving force in history. We misjudged events because our standards were not tested by experience; but our disillusionment was no reason for quitting. It is, instead, the reason for beginning again.

LIBERTY AND RESPONSIBILITY

I want to emphasize that word—responsibility. I find, looking down the history of political theory, every slogan but that. Liberty, equality, fraternity, representation in government, everything but responsibility. Yet if there is one thing that should be clear to anyone analyzing the implication of these demands of the body politic, it is that the complement of liberty is responsibility—or anarchy. When we take over the power of kings we do not leave sovereignty in a vacuum. We take it for our own and exercise its prerogatives. Otherwise society dissolves.

One day last December I saw a historic spectacle. It was the meeting of the British Parliament which had been specially summoned to learn the terms of the Treaty with Ireland. By

good fortune and the kindness of a Cabinet secretary, I secured a ticket for the House of Commons. Dense crowds had assembled along the route from Buckingham Palace to Parliament Square to watch the King and Queen go by, and the mediaeval pomp and pageantry of the procession. It was a spectacle which no other country can now produce, a page of romance—a richly illuminated page—drawn from the still intact, still unbound volume of British history. Lords and ladies of the household, peers and high dignitaries in their robes, state carriages and powdered footmen, they seemed to have stepped out of a past century, like the figures in a Lord Mayor's show. And then came Royalty, the King-Emperor and Queen, riding inside a glass and gold-crowned coach drawn by its eight black horses with their gilded harness and trappings, accompanied by the stately horseguards in armor and pipeclay leather as from the days of Prince Rupert, and the Tudor beef-eaters from the Tower. No wonder all London was looking on. France has seen nothing like it since 1789; the Hohenzollern and the Habsburg are gone; this was the only great empire left in the heart of its traditions. But a still more striking scene awaited me inside St. Stephens. Some minutes later, looking down the gangway which reaches from the Commons to the Lords, I saw through the open doors of the House of Lords, Royalty enthroned! It was just a passing glimpse but there they sat, draped figures in silent but colorful dignity, waiting to play their little part in the ceremony. Then down this gangway came their messenger, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, with his attendants, to summon the Commoners to hear the King's speech. As he came up to the doors of the House of Commons, the great oak doors swung to, closing in his face. Then he knocked with his rod for admittance, and from the other side after asking him his business and receiving the answer that he came to ask them to listen to the King's speech, they opened the door again and the members flocked past, following the Speaker, and the Premier and those of his Cabinet who had helped write the speech they were to hear!

A few hours later Lloyd George laid before the House the treaty which was to end the union with Ireland. The most significant part of his speech was where, anticipating the challenge that he was endangering the country by dealing with rebels, he reminded the Commons that it was hardly fitting that it should object to recognizing the right of rebellion. The liberties of Britain, of the House itself had been won in rebellion; the constitution rested on rebellion and had consecrated its results. It was a notable and elevated passage; and as I listened to it, the significance of the little incident in the morning, when the door had been shut in the face of the King's messenger, became clear. It was something more than the symbol of the sovereignty of the nation, as represented in the Commons. It was a reminder of the fact that the responsibilities of liberty had been assumed with liberty itself. For when the House of Commons excluded the monarch, it took for itself as the chief of its prerogatives those very attributes of royalty which had led to rebellion, namely the taxing power, the right to exact money from the citizen. Thus the English learned, long ago, to identify responsibility with liberty and themselves with the government. It was their great contribution to the political experience of the world; more than anything else it is this which distinguishes British from continental politics. It would be a sad future for this country, nourished in these traditions, if it were to revert to the continental outlook, which tends to regard government as a thing apart, a *deus ex machina*, a providence or an improvidence related to citizenship only by externals at elections. The fundamental test of political maturity is a nation's attitude toward the tax collector. What we need above all is a sense of the intimate connection of government with ourselves. We have talked too much of patriotism in the abstract, and not enough about public spirit in the concrete,—the responsibilities which freedom brings.

Finally, the responsibility of citizenship makes double demands upon the student. It demands in the first place that he rid himself of the academic mind and turn from books

to life itself. He can do this if he has developed initiative and alertness of intelligence. If he succeeds, it will be because of the saving grace of humility, of which I spoke above, by which he divests himself of the pedantry of mere learning. But, along with the adjustable mind, there must be as well that moral fibre which strengthens in adversity, true to its ideals. Equipped with these, the student who goes out today through the open doors of his college, may contribute definitely toward the solution of the most pressing problems of this tragic time. Beyond the aftermath of war, with its lingering national hatreds and mal-adjustments, its physical and moral suffering, he may point the way to policies of peace.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

Nos. 1-161 (April, 1907, to April, 1921). Including papers by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, George Trumbull Ladd, Elihu Root, Barrett Wendell, Charles E. Jefferson, Seth Low, John Bassett Moore, William James, Andrew Carnegie, Pope Pius X, Heinrich Lammasch, Norman Angell, Charles W. Eliot, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Haldane, Alfred H. Fried, James Bryce, and others; also a series of official documents dealing with the European War, the League of Nations, the Peace Conference, and with several of the political problems resulting from the War. A list of titles and authors will be sent on application.

162. Addresses on German Reparation by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George and Dr. Walter Simons, London, March 3rd and 7th, 1921. May, 1921.
163. The Fiftieth Anniversary of the French Republic. June, 1921.
164. Convention for the Control of the Trade in Arms and Ammunition, and Protocol, signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, September 10, 1919. July, 1921.
165. Addresses at the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the American Society of International Law, by the Hon. Elihu Root. August, 1921.
166. Constitution of the Permanent Mandates Commission; Terms of the "C" Mandates; Franco-British Convention of December 23, 1920; Correspondence between Great Britain and the United States Respecting Economic Rights in the Mandated Territories; The San Remo Oil Agreement. September, 1921.
167. Present Problems of the Commonwealth of British Nations: Conference of Prime Ministers and Representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions and India, held in June, July and August. October, 1921.
168. Relations between Great Britain and Ireland: Proposals of British Government and Correspondence between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera. November, 1921.
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